



representative "democracy" preserves the illusion of participation and consent. whoever they vote for, we are ungovernable.

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DESTROY THE ELECTION

There is nothing desirable in politics today. The election is a racket, and the political parties are organized crime. We despise all of the worthless bureaucrats and refuse to take part in the democracy proclaimed and organized by the government. Why should we waste our lives throwing paper in ballot boxes and listening to lies?

Let's do away with all of it.

THERE IS NO CHOICE

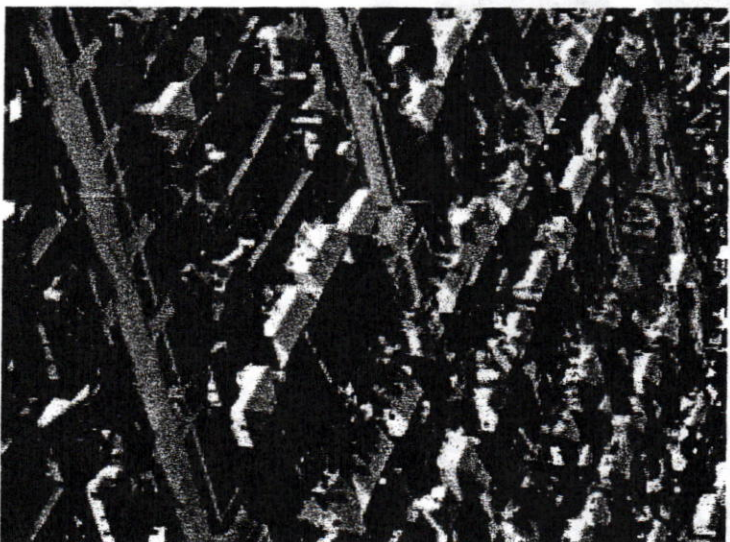
Even the most brainwashed servants of the State admit that in the coming election *there is no good choice*. What they won't admit is that there has never been one. No matter how many parties are running for office, representative democracy has always been a lie.

Whether working, shopping or voting, we are assisting in the circulation and consumption of images, and thereby perpetuating our own alienation.

Following Election Day, the TV and radio will tell us that it looked like a record voter turnout. Days after the papers will admit that it had been, on the contrary, a rather small showing. It had all been a cheap "follow the herd" advertising gimmick, and it hadn't worked. All this must be assumed when the show goes on.

Those who urge us to vote and "participate in democracy" (from the NAACP to trade unions to corporate media) are doing so because they wish to perpetuate the current order of things. Every election year, organizations of the political left and right reduce themselves to begging for seats at the table, while insisting that we beg for scraps. We say no to all of it.

APARTMENTHEID:



sleep in a box apartment, house, or prison cell
commute in a box car, bus, or subway

work in a box cubicle, school, or factory
eat from a box microwave or fastfood restaurant

stare at a box television or computer
Colonized and domesticated by capital...

we live, work, travel and relax in a series of socially isolating, alienated 'boxes'. We cannot escape the urban hell, rural poverty, or suburban wasteland that has spread across the continent like a cancer.

beyond the cubicles and the cars, the garages and the elevators, the factories and the schools,

another world is possible.

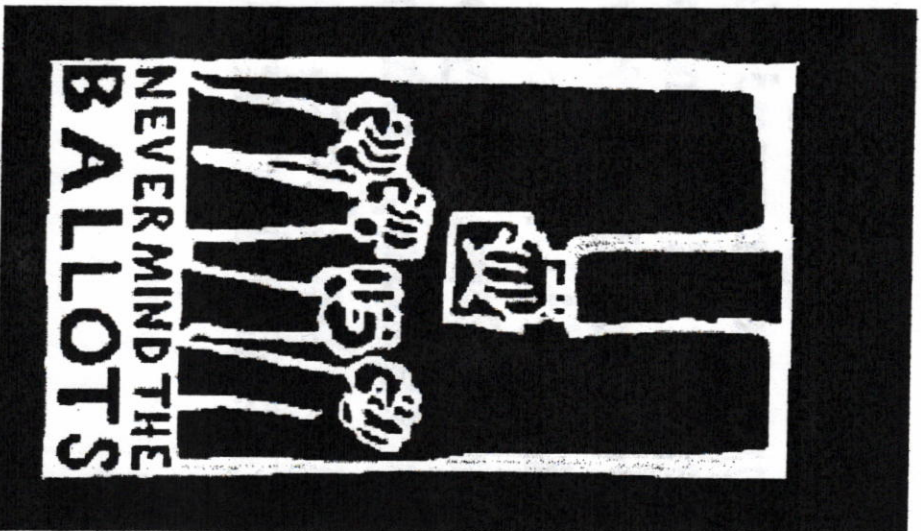
someone hurries to say, "It was not the work of comrades." So that banks courts, barracks don't blow up. In short, so that life does not manifest itself.

Politics is the art of **recuperation**. The most effective way to discourage all rebellion, all desire for real change, is to present a man or woman of state as subversive, or - better yet - to transform a subversive into a man or woman of state. Not all people of state are paid by the government. There are functionaries who are not found in parliament or even in the neighboring rooms. Rather, they frequent the social centers and sufficiently know the principle of revolutionary theories. They debate over the liberatory potential of technology; they theorize about non-state public spheres and the surpassing of the subject. Reality - they know it well - is always more complex than any action. So if they hope for a total theory, it is only in order to totally neglect it in daily life. Power needs them because - as they themselves explain to us - when no one criticizes it, power is criticized by itself.

Politics is the art of **repression**. Of anyone who does not separate the moments of her/his life and who wants to change given conditions starting from the totality of their desires. Of anyone who wants to set fire to passivity, contemplation and delegation. Of anyone who does not want to let themselves be supplanted by any organization or immobilized by any program. Of anyone who wants to have direct relationships between individuals and make difference the very space of equality. Of anyone who does not have any we on which to swear. Of anyone who disturbs the order of waiting because s/he wants to rise up immediately, not tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. Of anyone who gives her/himself without compensation and forgets her/himself in excess. Of anyone who defends her comrades with love and resoluteness. Of anyone who offers recuperators only one possibility: that of disappearing. Of anyone who refuses to take a place in the numerous groups of rogues and of the anesthetized. Of anyone who neither wants to govern nor to control. Of anyone who wants to transform the future into a fascinating adventure.

**Our desires will never
fit in their ballot
boxes. Our dreams will
never be displayed in
campaign commercials.
Our needs will never
be fulfilled by
politicians or
parties. Smash your
television, burn
your ballot,
RECLAIM LIFE.**

From the standpoint of the individual, voting is not effective for sanctioning one or another candidate and his future actions; but it is effective for sanctioning the whole apparatus of permanent rule and one's own permanent role as one of the ruled. Habitual voters like to tell conscientious non-voters that if they don't vote, they have no business complaining about what happens later. If anything, the reverse is true.



**Only the absolute refusal to be ruled over
can set us free.**

Politics is the art of **calculation**. In order to make alliances profitable, it is necessary to learn the secrets of allies. Political calculation is the first secret. It is necessary to know where to put one's feet. It is necessary to draw up detailed inventories of efforts and outcomes. And by dint of measuring what one has, one ends up gaining everything except the will to lay it on the line and lose it. So one is always taken up with oneself, attentive and quick to demand the count. With the eye fixed on that which surrounds one, one never forgets oneself. Vigilant as military police. When love of oneself becomes excessive it demands to give itself. And this overabundance of life makes us forget ourselves. In the tension of the rush, it makes us lose count. But the forgetfulness of ourselves is the desire for a world in which it is worth the effort of losing oneself, a world that merits our forgetfulness. And this is why the world as it is, administered by jailers and accountants, is destroyed – to make space for the spending of ourselves. Insurrection begins here. Overcoming calculation, but not through lack, as the humanitarianism that, perfectly still and silent, allies itself with the executioner, recommends, but rather through excess. Here politics ends.

Politics is the art of **control**. So that human activity is not freed from the fetters of obligation and work revealing itself in all its potential. So that workers do not encounter each other as individuals and put an end to being exploited. So that students do not decide to destroy the schools in order to choose how when and what to learn. So that intimate friends and relatives do not fall in love and leave off being little servants of a little state. So that children are nothing more than imperfect copies of adults. So that the distinction between good radicals and bad radicals is not gotten rid of. So that individuals are not the ones that have relationships, but commodities. So that no one disobeys authority. So that if anyone attacks the structures of exploitation of the state,

Politics is the art of **deferment**. Its time is the future, which is why it imprisons everyone in a miserable present. All together, but tomorrow. Anyone who says "I and now" ruins the order of waiting with the impatience that is the exuberance of desire. Waiting for an objective that escapes from the curse of the particular. Waiting for an adequate quantitative growth. Waiting for measurable results. Waiting for death. Politics is the constant attempt to transform adventure into future. But only if I resolve "I and now" could there ever be an us that is not the space of a mutual renunciation, the lie that renders each of us the controller of the other. Anyone who wants to act immediately is always looked upon with suspicion. If she is not a provocateur, it is said, she can certainly be used as such. But it is the moment of an action and of a joy without tomorrows that carries us to the morning after. Without the eye fixed on the hand of the clock.

Politics is the art of **accommodation**. Always waiting for conditions to ripen, one ends up sooner or later forming an alliance with the masters of waiting. At bottom, reason, which is the organ of deferment, always provides some good reason for coming to an agreement, for limiting damages, for salvaging some detail from a whole that one despises. Politics has sharp eyes for discovering alliances. It is not all the same, they tell us. The Democratic party is certainly not like the rampant and dangerous right. Public health is always better than private assistance. A guaranteed minimum wage is still always preferable to unemployment. Politics is the world of the lesser evil. And resigning oneself to the lesser evil, little by little one accepts the totality in which only partialities are granted.

THE LIBERAL LIE

No one is about to deny liberalism full credit for having spread the thirst for freedom to every corner of the world. Freedom of the press, freedom of thought, freedom of creation. If all their "freedoms" have no other merit, at least they stand as a monument to liberalism's falseness. The most eloquent of epitaphs, in fact: after all, it is no mean feat to imprison liberty in the name of liberty. In the liberal system, the freedom of individuals is destroyed by mutual interference: one person's liberty begins where the other's ends. Those who reject this basic principle are destroyed by the sword; those who accept it are destroyed by justice. Nobody gets their hands dirty: a button is pressed, and the guillotine of the police and state intervention falls. A very fortunate business, to be sure. The State is the bad conscience of the liberal, the instrument of a necessary repression for which deep in their heart they deny responsibility. As for day-to-day business, it is left to the freedom of the capitalists to keep the freedom of the worker within proper bounds.

AGAINST POLITICS

Politics is the art of **separation**. Where life has lost its fullness, where the thoughts and actions of individuals have been dissected, catalogued and enclosed in detached spheres – there politics begins. Having distanced some of the activities of individuals (discussion, conflict, common decision, agreement) into a zone by itself that claims to govern everything else, sure of its independence, politics is at the same time separation between the separations and the hierarchical management of separateness. Thus, it reveals itself as specialization, forced to transform the unresolved problem of its function into the necessary presupposition for resolving all problems. For this reason, the role of professionals in politics is indisputable – and all that can be done is to replace them from time to time. Every time subversives accept separating the various moments of life and changing specific conditions starting from that separation, they become the best allies of the world order. In fact, while it aspires to be a sort of precondition of life itself, politics blows its deadly breath everywhere.

Politics is the art of **representation**. In order to govern the mutilations inflicted on life, it constrains individuals to passivity, to the contemplation of the spectacle prepared upon the impossibility of their acting, upon the irresponsible delegation of their decisions. Then, while the abdication of the will to determine oneself transforms individuals into appendages of the state machine, politics recomposes the totality of the fragments in a false unity. Power and ideology thus celebrate their deadly wedding. If representation is that which takes the capacity to act away from individuals, replacing it with the illusion of being participants rather than spectators, this dimension of the political always reappears wherever any organization supplants individuals and any program keeps them in passivity. It always reappears wherever an ideology unites what is separated in life.

Politics is the art of **mediation**. Between the so-called totality and individuals and between individual and individual. Just as the divine will has need of its earthly interpreters, so the collectivity has need of its delegates. Just as in religion, there are no relationships between humans but only between believers, so in politics it is not individuals who come together, but citizens. The links of membership impede union because separation disappears only in union. Politics renders us all equal because there are no differences in slavery – equality before god, equality before the law. This is why politics replaces real dialogue, which refuses mediation, with its ideology. Racism is the sense of belonging that prevents direct relationships between individuals. All politics is participatory simulation. All politics is racist. Only by demolishing its barriers in revolt could everyone meet each other in their individuality. I revolt, therefore, we are. But if we are, farewell revolt.

Politics is the art of **impersonality**. Every action is like the instant of a spark that escapes the order of generality. Politics is the administration of that order. "What sort of action do you want in the face of the complexity of the world?" This is what those who have been benumbed by the dual somnolence of a Yes that is no and a More later that is never. Bureaucracy, the faithful maidservant of politics, is the nothing administered so that no one can act, so that no one recognizes their responsibility in the generalized irresponsibility. Power no longer says that every thing is under control, it says the opposite: "If I don't ever manage to find the remedies for it, let's imagine it as something else." Democratic politics is now based on the catastrophic ideology of the emergency ("either us or fascism, either us or terrorism, either us or the unknown"). Even when oppositional, generality is always an event that never happens and that cancels all those that happen. Politics invites everyone to participate in the spectacle of this motionless movement.